

*"my stretch in
the Service"*

ALEXANDER J. MOZZER

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SECOND EDITION

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THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER

Oh, say, can you see, by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming,
Whose broad stripes and bright stars through the perilous fight,
O'er the ramparts we watched were so gallantly streaming
And the rocket's red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof thro' the night that our flag was still there.
Oh, say, does that star-spangled banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave?



On the shore, dimly seen thro' the mists of the deep,
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,
What is that which the breeze o'er the towering steep,
As it fitfully blows, half conceals, half discloses?
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,
In full glory reflected, now shines on the stream.
'Tis the star-spangled banner; oh, long may it wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave!



And where is that band who so vauntingly swore
That the havoc of war and the battle's confusion
A home and a country should leave us no more?
Their blood has washed out their foul footsteps' pollution
No refuge could save the hireling and slave
From the terror of flight, or the gloom of the grave:
And the star-spangled banner in triumph doth wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave!



Oh, thus be it ever when freemen shall stand
Between their loved homes and the war's desolation;
Blest with victory and peace, may the heaven-rescued land
Praise the power that hath made and preserved us a nation!
Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,
And this be our motto: "In God is our trust!"
And the star-spangled banner in triumph doth wave,
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave!

“I pledge allegiance to the Flag
of the United States of America
and to the Republic for which it
stands, one nation indivisible,
with liberty and justice for all.”





PASTE

PHOTO

HERE

Alexander. John. MozzER

NAME

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SERIAL NUMBER

105 Eldridge Street.

PERMANENT ADDRESS

Manchester, Conn.

Last org.: Co. C. 121 Medical Bn. Americal Div

ORGANIZATION

- 10 on detached service From 1st Field Hosp.
- 9 44th Gen. Hosp. Finchhafen, New Guinea.
- 8 18th Station " Milne Bay, " "
- 7 Base Section #2 Dispensary, Townsville, Queensland.
- 6 Sub Disp. D. " " " " Australia
- 5 12th Station Hosp. Townsville, Australia
- 4 13th " " " "
- 3 Base Surgeon Office on Ds. Garbutt Field
and Bomb Squadron.
- 2 18th Mobile Unit, Tolhens Creek, Aust.
- 1 18th Station Chatter's Towers, Aust.

Memories are strange things. We have so many of them. Many good—some bad—
We retain them all—Yet so few come back to us unless we are reminded by a written word, a friend or a landmark—
—So many fine memories are stored away each day that can be recalled in later years by a simple word or two—



Commissioned Ist. Lieut. 29 April, 1942
Reported for duty - Camp Edwards, Mass. -
14 May, 1942

San Francisco, Calif. - arrived 17 or 18 May, 1942

Left San Fran. Calif. on "SS Uruguay" 26 May, 1942

Arrived Auckland, New Zealand - 12 June, 1942

" Brisbane, Australia - 17 June, 1942

Left. " " - 21 June, 1942

Arrived Townsville, Queensland, Aust. June, 1942

" Charters Towers - 18th Sta. Hosp. -

12 & 13 June, 1942.

" TOTTEN CRICK - detached service -

2 Aug. 1942

" TOWNVILLE, Q'Land, Aust - 27 Sept. 1942
SURGEON'S OFFICE

1. Temporary duty - garbutt Field

Dispensary - 5th Bomber Command.

2. 435th Bomb. Sq. Townsville.

Arrived - 13th Sta. - Woodstock Q'Land Branch

~~19th Sta~~ 19 Nov. 1942

Arrived - 12th Sta. Townsville, Q'Land, Aust.

29 Dec. 1942.

Arrived Kangaroo Ammunition Special

anti-aircraft Unit - 18 May 1943. - Same

1. Transferred to Kangaroo Disp. TD " " ^{area}

From 12th Sta. Hosp.

2. " TO Base Sect. #2, Sub Disp " " " "

3. " to Base Disp. #2 Townsville,

Feb. 1944

" New Guinea.

Arrived Milne Bay, New Guinea -

18th Sta. Hosp. 4 May, 1944

(over)

Arrived Finclafen, New Guinea, 4th Gen. Hosp
(126th Sta. absorbed by 4th Gen.)

Left New Guinea, Feb. 11, 1945

stopped at Hollandia, New Guinea
and Biak, Dutch East Indies en
route.

Arrived Ist Field Hosp. Leyte, P.I. -
19 Feb. 1945

Placed on detached service with
121st Medical BN. Americal Division
Feb. 01 March 1945

26 March, 1946 - Invasion of Cebu, P.I.

Wounded, at Cebu, P.I. 28 March, 1945

Transferred as patient to 105 Sta. Hosp.
Leyte P.I.

" " " to 44th Gen. Hosp.

Evacuated to U.S.A.

11 May, 1945.

Arrived Letterman Gen. Hospital

San Francisco, Calif. 30 May, 1945

Left by Hosp. train 4 June, 1945

Arrived Halloran Gen. Hosp. N.Y. 9 June, 1945

Retired to inactive status 28 Sept. 1945

Terminal leave ended 19 Dec. 11, 1945

Halloran Gen. Hosp. Feb. - March 1947

From Buzzards Bay, to Torrens Creek - 1942

Took physical examination at
Bradley Field, Conn. Commissioned 1st.
29 April, 1946. Unfortunately for
me I was assigned to a unit
that already had moved out
to go overseas. When I arrived
at Camp Edwards, Mass. on
14th of May, 1942 I was given
orders to Port of Embarkation,
San Francisco, Calif. After a
brief stop-over at home I took
a train the next day to San Francisco,
Calif. I left from Springfield,
Mass. and changed at Chicago,
Illinois. I met Chaplain Lyons,
who was assigned to same unit.
I roomed next to him and Chaplain
MacKenzie at Army Hostels House,
Fort Mason, San Francisco, Calif.
After several days I embarked

on Army transport. ^{BSU Requoy} The trip to
New Zealand took 17 days and
was extremely unpleasant because
of crowding, blackouts, closed-up
to port holes, and lack of air. Also
danger of attack. I received many
inoculations at Fort Mason and
on ship board which made me ill.
Too many inoculations given in too
short space of time. No sea sick-
ness. I was glad to arrive at
Auckland, New Zealand 12 June,
1942. The two Champlain and I
changed ships. No one to help
us so we moved our own
baggage from ship to ship.
Conditions on this ship were a
little better because it was not
so crowded, but it proceeded
to Australia unescorted except
for one ~~plane~~ ^{plane} old-fashioned
bi-plane, which left us after
a day or two. In five days more

we arrived at Brisbane, Australia
(17 June, 1942) We were barracked
in an old horse stable at
Doomben Race Track. The Chow
was terrible. Became ill because
I did not know how to sterilize
mess kit properly. I had no previous
Army experience. I developed
a gastro-enteritis and diarrhea
Traveled with ~~Chapman~~^{Father} Lyons,
Lieut Fitzgerald (Boston) Lieut Hemphill
by sleeper train, old-fashioned
type to Townsville, Queensland
at northern part of Australia.
We took shuttle train to
Charters Towers, Queensland
Australia. We arrived at 18th Station
Hospital, under ^{Lt.} Col. Fineberg.
Lieut Hemphill went on to join
the 87th Station Hospital at
Gronbury, Queensland. The
Country in Queensland is dry, dusty

hot, with very little water except for two months when floods occur during rainy season. In Charters Towers we camped in a field.

Conditions were bad in the line of quarters, food, washing facilities, etc. We staged for 4-6 weeks and did no work after traveling 11,000 miles to get here. The Hospital began to operate 6 weeks after my arrival.

In this unit there was a great deal of friction because of the mixture of gentile and Jewish officers

after the hospital did finally begin to operate ^{Captain Chew LC HEW} ~~Lieut~~ Fitzgerald and I were selected to form a small hospital unit at Torrens Creek, about 200 miles further into the Bush Country.

Capt. Chew, who requested the job, was an C.O. Conditions at Torrens Creek were difficult because of the terrain and lack of experienced personnel. All of whom had to be trained. ~~at~~ The

Country was dry, dusty and
plagued by flies. Our 25 bed
hospital was constantly filled
with dysentery and fever cases.
Our little hospital had the
minimum of supplies and
equipment. We had only 3
lanterns for light. We lived
rather primitively as we were
in quite wild and isolated
country. Our reason for being
here was to serve as a hospital
unit for the air dromes being
built here. After 6 weeks of Torrens
Creek I developed a diarrhea my-
self and was transferred near the
sea coast. I was assigned to the
Surgeons Office, Base Section #2
Townsville, Australia. The
Surgeons office sent me to
run a dispensary at Gorbett air-
port.

Garbutt Airport and Vicinity - 1942
Townsville, Northern Australia

Here I ran a dispensary servicing units too small to have their own medical officer. It also took care of transient officers and men who stopped off at the field. I was new to the Army but luckily for me I had 6 good men on detached service from a medical regiment. The corporal knew the "paper work" required and helped me immensely. I never was to get such good men later.

One source of trouble was the Transient Mess which was always in poor condition. The sergeant in charge always had the excuse that his mess had had a large transient group.

A short time later the dispensary was taken over by

the Headquarters Squadron, 5th
Bomber Command, and enlisted men
of this organization came over to
work in the dispensary. I was still
on detached service from Surgeon's
office. I had a chance for
rapid promotion but I did not
~~know~~ ^{know} it, thinking I would
eventually get back to Hospital
work. Medical officers in Air Corps
units usually were promoted
faster and often were sent back
to U.S.A. to take Flight Surgeon's
Course. I was asked if I
wanted to become a member of
the Hq. Sq. Inasmuch as I did
not know the advantages of
being a member of Air Force units I
declined. A short time later the
Hq. Sq. received its own medical
office and I was put on temporary

duty with the now famous
435th Bomb Squadron. The Flight
Surgeon of this Squadron was on
duty in New Guinea with a small
group of the Squadron. He was not
popular with the unit because
of his ways. I was not experienced
as a Flight Surgeon and not
equipped for this type of work. Most
SERV cases I referred to 12th Sta. Hosp.
The dentist had a "private" vehicle
for social calls but even tho. I was
supposed to check up on condition of
men at the Hospital I had no
vehicle except an occasional truck
I could borrow from motor pool.
Every morning the C.O. of the
Squadron held a briefing. I also
was expected to give a medical
report on the health of the command.
Being new to the Army, especially
to Air Squadrons, the task for
me was not an easy one. I
went on several B-17 training

flights. Major Lewis was C.O.

I had him as a patient. This Squadron had moved out of Philippines and was quite battle worn. Many pilots and men had operational or combat fatigue. They "burned" the candle at both ends. Instead of resting they went out to have a good time. Food at 435th was best I had in Army up to that time. We even had milk on the table. I had to answer all types of questions almost continually. The outfit received orders to return to U.S.A. The Flight Surgeon returned and the idea was for me to stay on next few weeks, do all the work, while he took off on un-official leave to the flesh-pots of Sydney, Australia. I told C.O. my orders were to return to Surgeon's office

as soon as Flight Surgeon returned. I then spent the next two weeks in a pleasant botanical garden, a pool for unassigned officers.

The next two weeks I spent in a tent at the old botanical gardens in Townsville, Australia. There was a camp there for unassigned troops. I spent the time going to the beach which was not too far distant. I also took a trip to Magnetic Island in the Bay. Magnetic Island was large enough to have mountains and a milage. It is a sort of a vacation resort altho. There is nothing much there except a bathing beach.

The 13th Station Hospital had moved into Townsville area. I knew Capt. Bill

of the 13th. I met him on the
boat going across. Inasmuch as the
13th Station was short of medical
officers I thought I would try to
get in rather than take a charge
as an assignment. Capt. Gill saw
the C.O. of the 13th Station who
asked the Surgeon General of
the Base for me. After 2 weeks I
was assigned to the 13th Station.

The 13th Station also had a
branch at Woodstock, about 35
miles inland from Townsville
over rough roads. I was sent
to work at the Convalescent
Hospital at Woodstock. It
was not bad there but
very hot. The heat was a dry
heat so I did not mind that.
Temperatures ran to 110°, 120°
at times.

The Woodstock hospital expanded from about 40 beds to about 400 beds in a short space of 3 weeks. The doctors worked 12 hours per ~~week~~ day at times.

There was a large air dome near by. The nurses had a small time because the air corps officers gave them a big push. They had their pick of men. Realized as we were a large recreation quarters had to be built so that nurses would have a place to entertain the blyers. In the mean time the ambulatory patients getting in to mess line had to stand out in the rain.

About the end of Dec. 29, 1942 I was suddenly transferred to the 12th Station Hospital in Tawonsville.

at 12th Station Hospital - 1943

The 12th Station was one long street of houses. The U.S. Army had taken over a whole street for the Hospital. We lived under over-crowded conditions in one house. About 30 officers lived in a 6 room house. Of course we utilized the porch for cots.

I was put to work on the "psycho" ward under Captain F. Captain F. was very lazy and domineering. As soon as I came on duty he had me do all the work and spent most of the time in his quarters or out on a date with his red cross girl.

The only relief from working was occasional trips to Brisbane Australia escorting patients. One such trip was made by train. Such a trip by train usually took 6 days including a day or two stay in Brisbane. The

Change was welcome. Another trip, made by plane, did not turn out so well. I was in charge of 20 men + 5 officer patients. We were awakened at 4 a.m. + were at the airport at 5 a.m. The pilots did not show up and by 11 a.m. the patients were quarreling amongst themselves. Several of the patients were psychotic and one was a prisoner for whom I had been obliged to sign for. We took off after 11 a.m. + shortly afterwards the weather became bad. The pilots were jittery + became lost. Instead of going South we went South West. We made a "forced landing". I put the patients up over night in a Country Hotel. Next day weather had cleared + we reached Brisbane A.T.

Back at the Hospital things were hectic. Besides the ward work there was much consultation work. The

consultation work should have been done by Mr. F., who was too lazy to do it. There were neurological examinations to be done, in which I had very little experience. I was still new to the Army, and did a ~~lot~~ lot of things I did not have to do on order of Capt. F. Finally things improved for the better. The Chief of Medical Service was transferred to Command a postal hospital (Combat) unit. He got out of it by getting himself admitted to a hospital (as a patient). Major Dahlgren the new Chief improved things by making Mr. F. do a little more work. The work on the NP service was so tough I hinted several times I wanted a medical ward. Finally I was sent on detached service at Kangaroo Ammunition dump, about 40 miles from Townsville. This was in April, 1943

Kangaroo Ammunition Depot - 1943-1944

I first ran a dispensary at Special Anti-aircraft detail. This unit was made of remnants of 208th Coast Artillery from New England area. I met several officers from Conn. & Hartford. My stay here was pleasant altho. there wasn't much medical work; mainly First aid. The food was good.

After about 6 weeks I was transferred up the road about 2 miles, in same area, to run a dispensary for a colored outfit. Capt. H. ^{Hatcher}, the C.O. did not like medical officers and he was hard to get along with. He was garrulous and ~~talkative~~ ^{drunk}. He had a habit of "telling everyone off" even inspecting Generals. His camp was always dirty. It was my duty to see that sanitation was improved but he wouldn't co-operate.

While at Anti-croft detail my dispensary adopted a dog whom we named "Lady" She was to have 2 or 3 litters of pups while I was to know her. She was a source of trouble at times as she was half wild. After Capt. H's outfit left a new outfit moved in. The C.O. was not friendly to dogs ~~and~~ ^{and} destroyed 20 out of 25. I gave "Lady" away for awhile but she came back after it was all over. The many dogs in Camp did attract a lot of fleas.

There were several outfits at Kangaroo while I was there: two colored and one white.

The job here was to store ammunition. The place was expanded while I was there.

They even built me a wooden Dispensary. I moved my quarters from a tent into the dispensary

The men I had working for me, two or three, at the most were never too good. Some were trouble makers. One was a pathological drunk. Once after almost wrecking the dispensary we had to court martial him. He got 6 mo. labor by the Court but was let off after 3 mo.

While I was still at Korooro the dispensary was made a sub dispensary (Sub. Disp D") of the main dispensary in Townsville. About Aug. 1943 I received my promotion to Captain on basis of being Sub. dispensary D Commanding Officer.

I had had a Leave to Sydney, going down by air plane. The leave was for 14 days. The first leave was while I was

working at 127th Station. It was
quite a treat to get back to
an area that was "civilized" and
that had modern conveniences.

About Feb. of 1944 I was
transferred to the Base Section #2
dispensary in Townsville

I had a pet possum, whom
I named "Blossom" later killed
by dog. I tried to get her a twin
in to a possum's element. It
would follow me home

(cont. next page)

Base Section #2 Dispensary - 1944

I now lived in a barracks and commuted about 2 miles to the Base Dispensary. Living in the Barracks was excellent, and we had a nice officers' club. The food was good also.

Work in the dispensary was rather monotonous. At times we also took trips out to boats in the Harbor. Some of the men we saw were merchant marine. Many calls were "gold bricks". One such person wanted me to say he was too ill for tropical service and had to go back to the States.

Dahgren

Major D. of New Hampshire and I met for the third time.

He became C.O. at Woodstock, at 12th Station, and finally at

Base Sect. # 2 dispensary. He had been a Major for three years and missed being promoted. Even the base nurse chief who had been a Captain was now a Lt. Colonel.

Each time I met Major D. he seemed less pleasant. He seemed very good C.C. at Woodstock and 12th Station Hospital. At Base dispensary I think he let a regular Army warrant officer have his way too much. This individual kept the Base dispensary vehicle and it was impossible to get it late at night when we got a call to see a patient at dispensary. Once he was so drunk I couldn't awake him. I had to call the Base motor pool to get a vehicle.

To show how unfair the Army was the C.C. before Major Dahlgren had been promoted

to direct. Col. and he was a
senile old fool. He ran around
with women and did not follow
regulations in running the
Dispensary. Major D., who was a
much better C.O., never was
promoted here (He did become a
Lt. Col. later in another area)

Col. Mitchell ^{who} had been
Base surgeon was transferred.
After he left I began to have
tough luck.

I took 2 weeks Leave
to Sydney. This was ^{the} second
leave in about $2\frac{1}{2}$ years.
We were entitled to 30 days
Leave per year. After
my return I learned I was
to go with a Signal Corps

and bit through the ~~desert~~^{desert} to
Darwin. Living in the wilds
for three years did not appeal
to me. Out of over 2 years over
seas I had only 3 mo. service
in a Tann. The rest was in Bush
Country. I felt some of the
other officers who had never been
out of Tann should go. I think
the Warrent officer, who was an
adjutant, had a lot to do with it.
The new Base surgeon was
firm when I asked for a better
assignment. However orders
come from Higher Head quarters
in Sydney transferring me to
18th Station Hospital, Milne
Bay, New Guinea. I left by
boat in April 1944. The trip
on Liberty ship took 5 or more days.

I forgot to mention that when
I left Kangaroo I had to
leave my dog "Lody" behind.
She later died.

Milne Bay, New Guinea - 1944
(one of the rainiest places in the World)

I did not care to go back to the 18th Station Hospital for two reasons. It was now a neuro-psychiatric hospital, and it was made up too much of one racial group.

I found the 18th Station situated in what I would call a swamp; anyway it was located in a very damp place, under a Coconut grove, near ~~the~~ a mountain. There was not much shade as it was the rainy season. It rained continually here for several months.

The work in the 18th Station was not pleasant. Most cases were supposed to be psychoneurosis, but it appeared we had mostly misfits, psychopaths, trouble-makers, malingerers, etc of all sorts. Most of them were determined to get back to

U.S.A. by hook or crook. Most of the cases were not real cases of combat fatigue. For the real cases we had sympathy. There was a thing called Occupational therapy. The men were set to doing various tasks ^{or games} which was calculated to improve their condition; however, most rebelled. There was continuous trouble when ward masters & nurses were failed to enforce or proceed with the ~~scheduled~~ ~~some~~ program. The nurses, although rated as officers, very often failed to give orders to enforce the discipline required. Occasionally there were ~~suicidal~~ suicidal attempts by the patients. Most of these were merely attempts to gain sympathy.

There was little actual opportunity for recreation except the bi-weekly movies. There were several actual suicides in the Base area because recreational opportunities were so poor and climatic conditions very bad and depressing. The diet was monotonous, mainly Australian rations. Australian rations were never as good as ours but were mainly "Bully beef."

I lived in a little tent with floor boards. At night rats ran about. We always slept under mosquito netting, as we also had in Northern Australia.

The personnel of the 18th Station had changed considerably since I was with the unit in 1942. All the nurses, except for one or two, had been changed. Many of the officers

were new. Some officers had had
psychiatric experience, others had
none. Some had applied for
N.P. work just to get out of combat
and field units.

About this time rotation
policy to U.S.A. was instituted.
Because most of the 18th
officers had arrived overseas
before I did they were ahead
of me on rotation.

The C.O. of the 18th was
Major J. (later Lt. Col.). He had
come overseas as N.P. physician
with that unit. He had been a
Captain at that time (1942). He
tried to be fair but we heard
rumors of the unpleasant
way he received his majority.
Some claimed he "Kruped his

friends" in the back in order to get the majority. The story went, his own friends side-tracked an officer who was scheduled to be major.

During Sept. 1944 we moved to a more pleasant site near the Ocean (on the Bay). There was also cement floors in the wards. Here we lived in Thatched roof affairs which were cooler & more airy than tents. During this time of year more sunny weather occurred. I had opportunities to go swimming. I was in the water every off moment, and some remarked about the "jap" I had after being overseas.

The best friends I had were Capt. Malenash and his girlfriend.
(Committed suicide when back in U.S.A.)

Lieut Ruth Biers. As for myself,
There was so much competition
for the nurses I did not bother
with them. I had about two
dates in a year. The nurses were
mustered by the Army, the Navy
& Merchant Marine. It was
too much trouble for a
medical officer to go on a date.

There was no place to go
except some officers clubs.
Usually these clubs were
very private because of the
scarcity of everything in the
jungle area. Secondly, medical
officers had no motor vehicles,
and it was hard to get
one. Thirdly, no dates were
allowed unless the escort

carried a gun. Also dates had to
be with another couple. The
guys were to protect the nurses
from attacks. In such wild
country many people become
wild. Negro troops, at times,
stopped vehicles, to take away
the nurses. There were several
cases of rape at gun point. In
most instances the negroes were
found guilty and hung. On a
date, the scout was expected to
protect the nurse with his life.
I did not think the nurses
were worth the trouble. One
officer was court-martialed
because the nurse he was with
was attacked at gun point. The
court did not feel he had protected
her sufficiently.

I did go to a nurses dance
with another officer, and it was
the only social recreation I had
in New Guinea. After two such trips
I did not feel it was worth while.
The ~~may~~ majority of married men
went "dressing" on dates, and had
steady girl friends among the
nurses and red cross girls. The
girls did not seem to mind
that the men were married.

About this time units
were moving on. The 18th
Sta. in name was absorbed
by another Hospital and most
of the officers were transferred
to the 125th Station Hospital
(NP). I was transferred to the
126th Sta. in Finchofen.

The 126th was absorbed by the
4th General Hospital located

near by. I went to Findeffen
by Hospital ship and it was a
pleasant trip.

At 4th General Hospital
Finchhafen, N.G. - 1944-1945

This turned out to be one of
best assignments although it
did not last too long, a few
months. For a while again
I worked on NP work. Later I
worked on the dermatological
service which I found interesting.
I arrived in Finchhafen about
Sept. 1944. By this time the
weather was sunny and I
went swimming quite often.

The 4th General was an
affiliated unit from the
Western Reserve Unit and
attempts no ~~the~~ doubt were
made to keep the unit as

much as possible. When requests were made for officers usually one of the newer members of the organization were chosen as to what the age. Some comparatively "old men" were transferred to field units while younger men were kept on at the 4th ^{General Hospital} just because they were originally part of the 4th General unit.

I went on a few bikes into the jungle mountains. but too for + too. as the heat was too exhausting. Besides swimming there were movies at frequent intervals

One of my former aid men
at the Subships of Kangaroo
Communication Depot was a
part of the 4th General
enlisted personnel. He was
rotated to U.S.A. while I
was still here.

The social situation was
as bad here for some
individuals as elsewhere.

The nurses & red cross
girls were out every
night. Some nurses were
too tired to work the next
day. One of my nurses
failed to show up repeatedly.
I finally called a supernumerary

for a nurse and she was surprised to find out there was no nurse on duty. Later this nurse became very spiteful.

About this time I had to do 24 or more lumbar punctures and I needed the aid of a nurse.

Most of our cases were Seborrhea dermatitis, eczematoid dermatitis, pyoderma, tropical ulcers & fungus infections.

For a long time I began to suspect I would be transferred. After about three months I suddenly

received orders to travel to
Philippine Island. With
priority too. Inasmuch as I
had to leave my belongings
behind I had to pack every
thing and take only a small
bag so I could travel by
train. My orders said to
carry firearms. after a great
deal of red tape I secured
a corbine and spent half of
the night cleaning it.

Received help from black
officer, who I later found out
was a well known baseball
player - see later page
Jackie Robinson

Across New Guinea to Bish - 1945

After leaving the 4th General I went to a staging area to wait for a plane. After a few days ^{we} were routed at 4 a.m. to go to the airport. In the Army it is always "hurry up and wait". After getting up at 4 a.m. we waited on the hot blazing dusty airport until noon when we were loaded on a cargo plane. We landed at Hollandia the same day. Hollandia is in the Dutch part of New Guinea. After a

few more days wait we
flew to Biak. Here I
remained 5 days. The other
officer traveling with me
with same orders as I
was Capt. Shushan. We
roomed in a tent. In a
short time we received
two other occupants, both
colored officers. They were
quite friendly and they
cleaned our carbine rifles
for us.

During one rainy night
while at a post named

We received word we were
too leave on hospital ship
to the ^{Philippine} ~~Philippines~~. We

got to the boat in a
terrific rain and There was
no one to show us the way.

We had to climb up the side
of a liberty ship and across to
get to the Hospital ship
moored to its side. We
were thoroughly soaked.

After all the work with the
Corbine I had to turn it
in to M. P. because no one
is allowed to carry guns on
a Hospital ship. Capt Schulon

and I were assigned to a
small stateroom, luxurious
quarters compared to most
Army ^{accommodations} ~~accommodations~~. The

~~Ship's~~ ship's medical crew
was rather ^{aloof} aloof, but we

had a pleasant voyage
to P.I. The food on ships
was always better than
rations on land. We
reached the Philippines
some time in Feb or March

1945

Staging Area in Leyte, P.I. - 1945

After reaching Leyte I spent two weeks in the staging area in a very quiet place. We lived in tents located near, around and in part of a ^{P hillipino} P hillipino village. The ~~P hillipino~~ ^{P hillipino} women collected laundry to wash, and it was a thriving business for them. The laundry always came back in neat little bundles. The P hillipino women were modest of themselves, but not of other people. They walked

in about the tent area
and where men were
taking showers. Perhaps
they had no false modesty
but that did not stop
them from storing. Most
army installations in a
staging area were of a temporary
nature and consisted largely
of tent flaps, hardly waist
high.

Eating was an ordeal.
It was necessary to use
a mess gear, stand in a
chow line, and later stand
in line to wash gear.

There were many
released Prisoners of War
in Camp waiting transportation
back to U.S.A.

The Office at Staging area
were under the impression
the 1st Field Hospital
was somewhere near Manila
and were ready to send
us There. We were located
near Taclohan, Leyte, P.I.
which was a base. We
scouted around and learned
1st Field was in same
region. It might have
been well for us to
keep quiet and take the
extra trip to Manila. O.F.

First Field Hospital - Leyte, P.I
1945

This outfit turned out to be a clique. They welcomed us as replacements, but actually I had been overseas longer than most of the First Field Officers.

It was "dog eat dog" especially with an outfit like this. I knew it wouldn't be long before I would be transferred, perhaps to the infantry.

For awhile I was put to work on medical word of a neighboring Hospital. The First Field was staging. It had been thru some sort of a campaign or other and had the

opinion no one else had
heard in the War but "it"!

On the ward most of the
cases were Schistosomiasis!

Life as usual in the
Army was monotonous,
mixed with worry as to
what was to happen to
one next. There seemed
no chance of being rotated
to U.S.A. because there
was too much dirty
politics afoot.

The 125th Station Hospital
was an N.P. unit about
30 miles away. It was made

up of same officers and
personnel as 18+L Station.

I made a couple of
visits there and re-newed
acquaintances.

I sort of "smelled a rat"
and knew First Field would
use me as a "replacement"
when the Hospital received a
request rather than its
own men. I was quite tired
of it all by this time.
I had been used as a
replacement, sent from station
to station. I had seen
men with a little more "pull."

he retained in safer jobs.
most common trick was
to get "sick" and get in
as a hospital patient for
a while. I saw many of these
ailments were real and
how many were fakes I
do not know.

After about two weeks
with the First Field I
suddenly received orders
to go on detached service
with the medical Battalion
of Americal Division.

I had been forced to leave
most of my belongings
behind and I was not
prepared to go on an invasion.

I had to scavenge for
dengarees because after
trying to get things through
ordinary channels I was
unsuccessful. One excuse
after another was given - about
stuff being all packed and
boxes nailed, etc.

I did find an old pair
of discarded Cameralls.

It was necessary for all
persons, officers and men,
to look alike. The Japs
had no respect for
medical men and their
snipers liked to pick
off officers. I found the
Cameralls lying on the
ground. They were
mauldy but after a

little sunshine were not
too bad although patched.

I never did get the proper
type of field pack but
used an old musette bag.

Capt Schulan was also
assigned to Americal
division. The Americal
Division was in the
same base and the
men taken there in
a truck.

Co. C and D. 121 Medical Bn. Americal
Division
March 1945

We were introduced to the Medical Colonel of the Americal Division first. He looked at Capt Schuller, who was small and grey-haired, and said "looks like we have reached the bottom of the manpower barrel". They decided I was to go to Collecting Company (Co. C), which would be further forward in an attack. The other Company ran a Hospital.

We spent several days in Camp. and again were moved by means of trucks to the Harbor. We were packed on L.S.T. We watched the infantry boys pile into the

boats, and I felt sorry for them. Although our lot was bad their lot was ~~for~~ worse.

After several days living on LST's and not allowed to get off we shamed off in a Convoy of 50 boats. (as near as I can remember now).

The food on the L.S.T. was fairly good (food always seemed to be better on boats).

One infantry officer learned that he was to be rotated home. Inasmuch as we were already en route he had to continue

with the Convoy and invasion.

I learned later he was killed.

We went on maneuvers on some Islands off the Southwest Coast of Philippines.

We had a sort of dress rehearsal.

The front of the LST's would open and out would come the "alligators" carrying men to the shore. The assault boats would go next.

The LST's would then go near shore and larger units would leave.

During maneuvers one had
suffered a compound fracture
of femur when the iron ramp
of an "alligator" fell on him
while on shore. He was
evacuated by seaplane, and
I guess he was out of the
war from then on.

One alligator ~~sunk~~ sunk
in what was the deepest
part of the ocean - probably
the deepest part in the world.
The men got off it and
up the sides of the LST
just in time.

At Sea and on The Invasion of
Cebu. - March 26, 27, 28, 1945

The attacking convoy came into Cebu Harbor the morning of March 26, 1945. It was a bright and sunny morning. The Navy gave the shore a terrific bombardment. Smaller boats came close to shore and raked it with rockets. After about $\frac{1}{2}$ hour of bombardment the assault troops went in. The area also had been bombed for two

weeks by our airplanes
after the assault troops
went in the LST's &
other boats pulled out
for several hours. We
learned later that the
first troops sustained
only a few casualties from
mines planted and
hidden on shore. The
japs pulled out,
passed north & through
Cebu City, and then into

The mountains. The civilian
population had also
evacuated the City. The
Japs burned or destroyed
what was left of the
City.

After several hours
our LST moved
closer to shore again
and we evacuated
the boat on a
duck. After a short
period on shore the

medical section marched
in land toward Cebu City
following the infantry troops.
By the 27th of March the
American troops were
already in Cebu City.

Here and there groups
of Japs were left
behind. They would
come out to make
trouble behind the
lines. I was not used

to hiking and by the
first night I had
blisters on feet. Our
medical unit slept in
a Brewery. On the
morning of March 28,

1945, we received
transportation thru.

devastated Cebu City
to the Northern Ants.

We set up in an old
School Building back
of the Capital.

The same morning I
visited the Court House
on the same street but
a little farther North.

I saw the remains of
two American flyers
who had been burned
alive. The infantry was
only a $\frac{1}{4}$ to $\frac{1}{2}$ mile
ahead of us. The Japs
had fortified the mountains
and the infantry was
now making slow

progress. The unit I was
with was a Collecting
Company. During the
day I collected some
Ambulatory patients and
took them back to
the Stone Church which
was being used as a
Hospital by the
Hospital Company. I
did not know I would
be a patient there
myself before the day

was over.

About 5 P.M. Capt. Layman,
a medical officer from a Battalion
Aid Station, a Medical Administrative
Officer, a few medical aid men
and myself went up the road
about one-quarter mile to
explore the area ahead. I
was kind of skeptical about
going, but went regardless.
I do not recall the names
of the men or officers with
us except Captain Layman,
who was C.O. of our Company.

Capt. L. was about 40 years old and had already been overseas 40 months. Some of the officers from our organization had already been up in the area ~~near~~ me were going to.

Near the Capital Building there was still considerable snipers, and that was why I was kind of reluctant to go that way. There was a Spanish type building near the roof near the Capital. We were interested in looking

this building over as it had
been used as a Japanese Hospital.
We thought we might be able
to use it as a hospital our
selves. The building was
kind of partially demolished
from bombs, etc. In the
center was a large court
yard with a bomb crater.
In the bomb crater was
another unexploded parachute
bomb. This made me uneasy
and I wanted to be away from

there as soon as possible.

If I had followed my own
inclinations I would probably
not have been injured

(but who knows I might
have been wounded or killed

later). We were close

enough to hear the

firing. We heard several
very loud explosions near

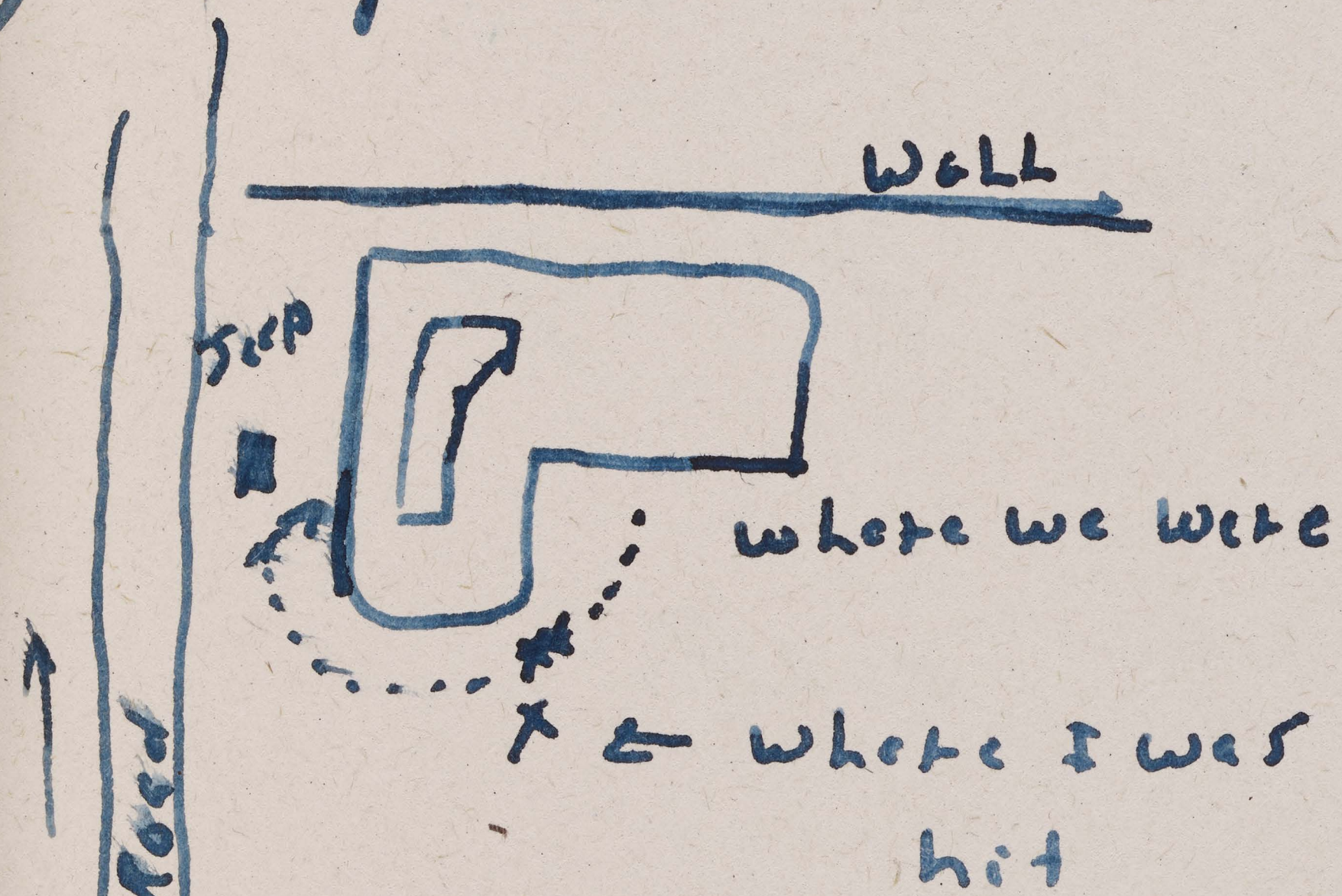
us, and I was kind of

uneasy. Capt. L. thought

the explosions were our

artillery firing at the Japs.

We went out into the court yard and looked around. We had come in a jeep which was on the other side of the building. ~~As~~ I moved back toward the other men in the group.



Capitol
Building

Someone, I think it was the M.A.C., yelled for us to fall down & we did. A loud explosion was heard and we were spattered with dirt. We got up and ran several times in order to reach the Road.

on reaching the corner of the
building we again hit the ground.
This was the final mortar shell.
The explosion blew a large piece
of wood into my right thigh.
I remained where I was a
few moments. Capt. Lagnan
had been hit by shrapnel in
the back. The entire group
disappeared with him, all
except one man, whom I
heard later was killed. I
presume they crawled into
an air raid shelter nearby.
I did not notice the shelter

until later. After a few moments
I dragged myself over to the
other side of the building
& put myself in a stone
gutter in case any more
shells came. I looked ~~after~~
at my leg ~~th~~ there was
quite a large hole there
with a flap. I was not
bleeding much. In a short
time I yelled for the others
and the M.G.C. came out.
The He & the other men
moved me to the jeep.
They also moved Capt. Layman

There and he seemed in
a ~~sto~~ daze or in a shock.
We ~~was~~ were taken down
the road, around a large
newly formed shell hole,
to an area. They looked
at my leg there & gave
me a hypo injection

I was wounded approxi-
mately 6 P.M. on March 28, 1945.
About 10 O'clock that evening a
debridement of my leg was done
& had been given sodium
pentothal intravenously.
The church was quite crowded
and the priest had given me

the last rites "just in case"
There had not been many
Casualties on March 26 & 27
because the Japs had retreated
to the mountains. We learned
later the mountains were well
fortified. When our troops
reached this area the Casualties
began to come in in large
numbers. By the time I
had reached the Church
Hospital the place was
very crowded. I slept
all night from the effects
of the Sod. ~~pentothal~~ pentothal
anesthesia and anesthetics.

The men were so busy + that
we were only given food
when we could catch
them going by. Most of us
were not hungry anyway.

There were several sick
or wounded Japs prisoners
near by. Hearing so much
about their treachery I
did not want any of
them near by.

On March 29 a plane
flew over and strafed
the church. A Jap could

hear the bullets entering the
top of the church. I did not
know what to do so
rolled off on the floor. The
movement to the floor
did not make my leg
feel any better.

9 Days on L.S.T. - 1945

About the third day I
was moved to an L.S.T.
The L.S.T. was full of the
wounded, including Capt.
Layman. Capt. Layman
was later evacuated to Leyte

by seaplane. I was left
behind with others to
remain 6 days in the
Harbor. I was so un-
comfortable that I asked
to be moved. I was
moved to the front part
of the LST. It was
unbearably hot down in
the ~~hale~~ ^{hale}. I was very
~~and~~ uncomfortable and
suffering was intense.
Lying flat on one's back
for 6 days hardly able to
move was what caused the

suffering. It was intensely
hot and to ~~also~~ make matters
worse there was the constant
loud firing of Naval guns
over ~~our~~ heads. We expected
to be attacked either by
planes or by submarines.

Any movement of my
body caused intense
pain. Not much sedation
was given because of the
possibility of addiction.

I would sleep in naps
during the day and then

I would be unable to sleep during the night.

The nights were unbearably long. I had a terrific back-ache from lying in one position so long. I was constantly nauseated and unable to eat. After eating I would throw up the food. During this time it was thought I might also have jaundice. Everyone on the boat was overworked. The Surgeon on the boat dressed my

leg-tried to help all he
could. He helped me by
mailing a letter air mail.

I learned later this letter
arrived ^{home} before the announce-
ment ~~before~~ of the War
Department. War Department
communications are so
cold & terse that I am
glad my letter arrived
first and thus alleviate
some anxiety of my
parents.

An LST could not travel
by itself in Combat waters
And that is why we waited
6 days for a Convoy. After
the 6th day we moved
to Leyte and in a few
days we ~~was~~ were there.
During this period I had
to use a bed pad. I found
this contraption almost
impossible to use in
a lying down position and
as a result was Terribly
Constipated for about 6

days & more. I had the same trouble later in Leyte when I was stronger.

The Hospital I was sent to was 116th Station. Leyte, P.I.

116th Station and 44th General Hospital
Leyte - 1945 - APRIL

For a few days I was on a medical ward. Things improved immensely after I was transferred to the closed & screened surgical ward. On open ward there was a great deal of trouble from flies.

While at 116th Station
a skin graft was done
on the wounded ~~leg~~ leg under
spinal anesthesia.

During this month there
was more suffering. I
couldn't move much
and after the skin graft
a Cast was put on the
leg, and I had to
lie still. I began to
itch underneath the
Cast and when solutions

were applied to the wound
thru. a window in the
cast the itching became
worse because solution
leaked under the cast.

Prior to the skin graft
my wound was dressed
daily and the
procedures were
painful. Sometimes
manipulations were
done causing more
pain.

After a month at 116th
Station I was transferred
to the 44th General
Hospital. By this time
my cast had been removed
and I walked a bit
on crutches

44th General Hospital - Leyte, P. I.

May, 1945

I was on an open ward
at 44th Gen. and I was
terribly bothered by the heat
and flies. The ~~Canvas~~ was
skin protection from the
tropical sun and there
was no screening to
keep flies out. I was
still very weak and
could only walk on
crutches for short
distances. The man in

help^{met} to me was an
Army Chaplain and he
once took me to movies
in a wheel chair.

It was a real treat
to see a movie after
so long.

After about 5 days I
was put on the list
for evacuation to U.S.A.

On the day I was
taken to the ship

I was met at the dock

by Mauri I had
met him at Hewlett Harbor,
Long Island, in 1942. I had
not seen him since. The
day I saw him he had
stopped at 116th Station
looking for me and had
made a long trip. He just
about messed me but
caught me at the
boat. We were put
on derricks and hauled
up the side of the boat.
We were in stretchers and

so were carried to our
beds.

Back Across the Pacific

The trip across the Pacific would have been pleasant were it not for the heedlessness of the Navy who ran the Army transport.

We suddenly began to have gun drills and abandon ship alarms. When the first one went off ~~we~~ thought we were really attacked. This could be excused, but not the paint chipping and hammering on the metal sides of the boat. It was annoy.

ing, but not as bother-
some to me as to some
neuro-psychiatric patients
down below. I did not
have much to say about
it but there were many
complaints from officers
and men. The complaints
were ignored by those
in charge of the boat.
Finally all the Army
medical officers traveling
on the boat wrote out

a petition requesting
the nurse be stopped
on account of the patients.
No change was made.
The crew was doing the
paint chipping at sea so
that they would have
more time off in Port.
The boat was being
chipped and re-painted.
Outside of that and
occasional submarine
scares the trip was pleasant.

The food was very good
and much better than
any Army food I got
aboard. About three
nights a week we had
movies. We made
a zig-zag course across
the Pacific. I believe
we went near the
Caroline Islands.

One night we sighted
Guam.

After three weeks we
saw the Golden Gate
Bridge. It was a
wonderful sight after
three years and 6 days
aboard. I landed at
Letterman General Hospital
May 30, 1945. I had my
first bottle of milk in
almost two years. The
ship that brought us
across was given orders

to sail immediately and
had no time in Port except
to ~~unload~~. unload passengers
& Cargo.

Letterman General Hospital
and Train Trip

This was the finest Army
Hospital I had ever been in,
and I wish I had gotten
some "breaks" and an
opportunity to work in such
a Hospital. By this time
I was able to walk
about by use of a cane.

After 4 days I was put
on a hospital train with
a load of other patients
and shipped to New York

Before leaving I had one
free telephone call home
through the auspices of
red cross. I heard my
mothers, sisters & fathers
voice for the first time
in many years. My
sisters in 10-15 years &
parents in 3 years. My
father could talk only
in a whisper as he
had a growth in his
throat.

We left San Francisco

in the early a.m and
subsequently we missed
the best part of the Rocky
Mts - we passed + live.
the ^{mountains} ~~Mountains~~ at night.

All we seemed to see
was flat country all
the way across - nothing
out-standing. I had
expected a more scenic
trip. Perhaps we
missed the best
parts at night.

At Halloran General

Hospital - June - Sept. 1945

I had assumed that the
Halloran Hospital was right
in N.Y.C. but it turned
out to be on Staten Island,
N.Y.

At first I was put on
a rather noisy ward called
"21 Club" (Ward 21) and later
I was changed to a much
better place in the main
Surgical. This was a
semi-private room.

After a few days my mother,
my uncle & one brother
came down. Also my sister
Rose, who was visiting in the
East and whom I had
not seen for 10-15 years.

They had a difficult trip
because they had to take
a bus to Hartford, a train
to N.Y.C., a subway to the
ferry, the ferry boat to Staten
Island, and another bus to
the Hospital. A great deal

of travel time was
consumed thereby.

I was unable to see
my father right
away because he was
not strong enough to
travel. He already
had had a tracheotomy
and had lost his
voice.

I had numerous

visitors and I was glad.

After a faint a Month

Dolly Cheney, H.S. classmate

a friend ~~from~~ drove me

home in her car. I was

my first trip home in over
three years. I had a 3 day
pass & returned after 3 days.

I seemed like I had never
been away. After 4 days

home I returned to the
Hospital. The visit home

was kind of sad as
my father had had
tracheotomy done and
had lost his voice

I remained at Holloman
until September. ¹⁹⁴⁵ I

went before a "Retiring
Board" and was

"retired" to inactive
status. About Sept

30, 1945, I went
home on terminal

Leave. During my
terminal Leave I took
a ^{COURSE} Cause in medicine
at N.Y.U. Bellevue
Hospital. The day
I was supposed to
start classes I learned
that my "retirement"
"did not stick" and
so I was called back
to Halloran Hospital

for one day. I had
to cut classes for
the first day. I
was "retired" again
but later I learned
that the retirement
was disapproved
by Surgeon General's
office.

My terminal leave
ended Dec. 19, 1945-

And I reverted to
inactive status.

Walter Reed Gen.

Hospital

Feb. & March 1947

I appealed my retirement
and disability and went
to Walter Reed for a
period of 6 weeks. I
went as a civilian.
The Army routine
hadn't changed. I
had expected to stay
only 2 weeks and it

turned out I stayed
6 weeks. Several months
later I learned I was
"retired" on disability
and this time it went
through.

Impressions of Northern Australia

This part of Australia is hot, dry, and with sparse vegetation. The farther inland one goes the worse it gets. There are no lakes, permanent streams or rivers such as in U.S.A. The ^{soil} soil is dry & sandy. Small scrub trees grow covering hundreds of miles. The trees are far apart with so-called "saw grass" growing

in many large areas.
The saw grass is not
fit for cattle. There
are some mountains
near the coast and
the country is more
fertile in this area.

Sugar cane is one of
the products.

The heat is terrific
but it is dry. One
often does not mind
it as much as the

muggy or humid heat
experienced in the wetter
areas. There is practically
no rains for many months
and the streams dry up.
For three months there
are terrific thunder
storms which last much
longer than U.S.A. The
streams then become
swollen and impassable.
After about 3 months
of rain there is very

little rain for the
rest of the year.

In the interior the
Country is hot, dry
& dusty. All types of
insects abound. The
worst are the flies
which ride on one's
back by the thousands.
The flies are vicious
and like to bite the
corner of the eyelids.
Some have they seem

to know when one's
hands are busy carrying
bundles as that is when
they bite the most.

the young children often
develop a dislike of
the eyelids because
they do not brush
the flies away.

the Northern County
is very provincial
and "old fashioned"

The railroads are few
and narrow gauge.

There are no moderate
sanitary facilities or
restaurants. The telephones
are the old-fashioned
crank type. Homes were
built off the ground on
poles but no cellars.

The poles usually had a
lattice work and made
sort of a sub cellar.

Southern Australia

is more modern
and up to date.

Sydney is as modern
as any city in the
U.S.A. Sydney, also, ~~is~~^{is}
pretty being built around
a large harbor. Southern
Australia is more modern
and better developed than
other parts.

Aug. 1947

notification received from
Adj. general department
for award of Combat medal
badge and Victory medal.

Date of Award March

20, 1945. Notification

received by Halloran

Sen 1st corp. Sept. 24, 1945

but not forwarded

Impressions of New Guinea.

Milne Bay

Milne Bay is a large bay between two mountain ranges projecting into the Ocean. This probably is why it is one of the wettest places in the World. During the rainy season it rained almost continually. Sometimes downpours would last weeks without let up. Vegetation grew profusely. I understand

that if a clearing is
made it would become
overgrown in a very
short time. The constant
rain created much mud.

The army built roads
and during the few
periods the sun would
shine the mud would
become dust. When
the sun tried to shine
white vapor or fog
would hang about like
the vapor of a hot

steam bath. The climate
was hot, humid. At
times it was an effort
to move. During the
drier part of the year
the place would be
quite pretty but wild.
After Africa parts of
New Guinea are the
most primitive and
wild in the world.
There are no cities
in New Guinea as
we see them here. There

are a few jungle Towns
like Port Moresby.

Still some of the
soldiers would get
silly letters from home
such as "if you don't
get enough to eat

be sure to go to the
^{restaurant}
drug store and buy
something" I don't
believe there is a
drug store on the whole
island altho. it is

About 2,000 miles long
and 100 - 200 miles wide
Most of the interior
of New Guinea has not
as yet been explored.
Cannibalism used to
flourish in New Guinea
at one time. Most
Army installations were
on the sea coast and
one rarely penetrated
more than a mile or two
from the sea coast

The natives were not
alarmed in Army posts
except when working
or doing jobs of repair.
Most natives were
short & small. They
dyed their hair to a
reddish color. A large
portion of the native
population was
diseased. Malaria
was very prevalent.
The sea water

was warm. There
were sharks in water
of this type.

Impressions of Philippine Islands

The Philippine Islands
such as Leyte & Cebu.
is less mild than
New Guinea but still
"rough country" as
compared to U.S.A. There
are cities & towns in
P.I. but the smaller
towns are dirty and
dilapidated. The people
are civilized and
many speak English.
The people are small

and with alive
skins. Most men wore
shorts and a shirt.

Most women wore
a dress. Both when
bare-footed.

Most roads I saw
were dirt, but there
are paved roads in
cities like Manila
and Cebu City. I
saw Cebu City and
the streets of the

City proper were paved
or tarred. The buildings
are on a Spanish style
following the Spanish
influence. There are
still many Spaniards
and descendants in
the Islands.

I never saw the
Santhern Island of
Mindoro, but it
has moorish or
Mohammedan people
Mohammedan

AUTOGRAPHS

AUTOGRAPHS

AUTOGRAPHS

AUTOGRAPHS

A. J. Mayes, M.D.

